Amsterdam!

Adrian Roberts

Black Rock City vs. Amsterdam

by TOKYO RICO

Ways Black Rock City is just like Amsterdam:

1. It's built around a 'C'-shaped series of concentric road rings.
2. Everyone rides bikes.
3. Drug use is normalized.
4. "Alternative" lifestyles are tolerated and even celebrated.
5. People who have never been there think that it's all about dope and tits.
6. The coffee's pretty good.
7. In the summer, it's overrun with yahoos.

Ways Black Rock City is *unlike* Amsterdam:

1. There are more drunk Australians in Amsterdam.
2. The neon signs are smaller in Amsterdam.
3. It's much harder in Black Rock City to get rhubarb syrup and chocolate sprinkles for your pancakes.
4. It's *supposed* to be rainy and cold in Amsterdam.
5. Amsterdam never runs out of ice.
6. Amsterdam never goes away.

Top 10 albums for the playa

by MALDEROR

Suede – *Sci-Fi Lullabies*
This two-disc collection of Suede's b-sides actually works better than any single Suede album. You might think their brand of super-metropolitan urban sleaze is all wrong for the desert, but you'd be an idiot.

Anastacia – *Not That Kind*
For the giant soul-queen in all of us, even if Anastacia is a skinny white-chick. She's got a voice with all the power and character of an Aretha Franklin or a Macy Grey, so it's the right soundtrack for putting on day-glo eye shadow.

Muse –
Origin of Symmetry
Muse shake off the Radiohead comparisons with an album of overblown pomp-rock that's perfect for these wide-open vistas, and mops the floor with Kid-fucking-A. Melodramatic. Pretentious. Ridiculous. And yet it works beautifully.

The Misfits –
Walk Among Us
Because goddamnit, you've heard enough freakin' trance this week.

Beenie Man – *Maestro*
Because, hey, we're multicultural, even if there are fewer black people in BRC than there are on Jesse Helms' advisory staff. Works well for impromptu luaus and other mai-tai based gatherings.

The Mission UK –
Children
This slab of early-80's goth was produced by Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones, and the tunes are huge. Put it on before doing battle in the Thunderdome.

Tool – *Lateralus*
"The Radiohead of Metal," they've been called. Whatever, they're doing interesting things with their art, and if all else fails you can use the beautifully designed CD case as an extra nifty trip toy.

Matt Darey –
Pure Euphoria
As mix CDs go, this one kicks. Darey is best known for remixing the insanely uplifting track "Heaven's Earth" by Delirium, and this two-disk mix finds him applying his anthem-trance skills to the dance floor. For when you've come on.

Motorhead –
Everything Louder Than Everything Else
A cherry-picked greatest hits set, live and well-produced for once. Because if you have to camp next to Incessant Shitty House Camp you need some early morning payback.

Nelly – *Country Grammar*
Sing-song party rap that's actually fun, unlike, say, the Wu Tang Clan. The title track and "Ride with Me" will get everybody in your camp bobbing their heads and shaking their asses, or my name's not Malderor.

Dear Burning Man, I'm breaking up with you

Dear Burning Man,

I'm breaking up with you.

Please don't be hurt. It wasn't anything you did. It's not you, it's me. I know that's one of the most abused breakup lines ever... but this time it's true.

We've had a wonderful relationship, starting on that August afternoon in 1997 when I left the Bay Area, headed east in my heavily-laden car towards unknown Nevadan territory for our first date. And it was truly an amazing first date; I remember that you tried to kiss me and I didn't kiss back because I'm such a shy, self-conscious guy. I've seen you every Labor Day since then, and many times during the year in-between those Labor Days, and every time we've been together has been intense and emotional and our partings have always been bittersweet and I've always looked forward to seeing you again. And those times I did loosen up enough to kiss you back, it was truly mind-blowing. But I think it's time to let go now.

As I said, it's really not your fault. You are who you are. Some of your past lovers – and there have been many, I don't begrudge you them, you have a heart that's big enough for all of us and so many more – have slandered you, saying you've gotten too big, you've sold out, you've lost your soul, you're no longer the Burning Man they fell in love with. I think they're just bitter because they couldn't hold you. Trying to say that Burning Man is any one thing – including too big or too commercial – is ridiculous; that's why most people stop at "You'll just have to go and find out for yourself" in their attempts to describe you. You're different to every one of us. You have been every year I've known you, and I expect – I hope – you will always be that way. I don't really know who you are, and I don't think I ever have, but that's OK. I like it better this way.

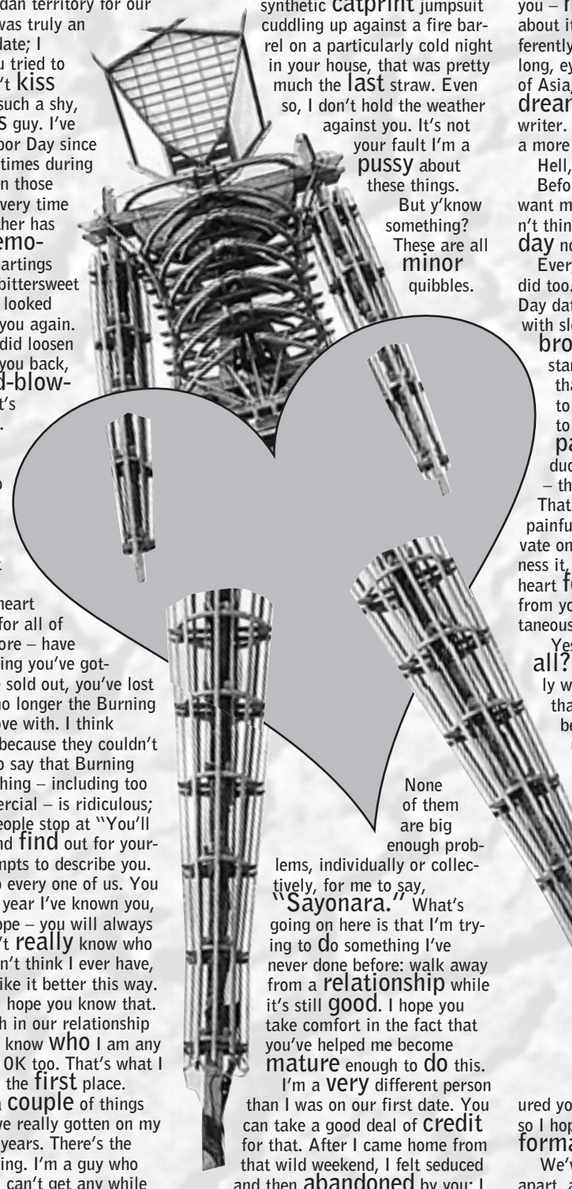
I love you. I hope you know that. I've grown so much in our relationship that I'm not sure I know who I am any longer. And that's OK too. That's what I came to you for in the first place.

Yes, there are a couple of things about you that have really gotten on my nerves over the years. There's the sound, for one thing. I'm a guy who likes silence, and I can't get any while you're around. I didn't know this until I took a trip to your house, the playa, while you weren't home – and discovered I liked it better without you there. That's just my preference. I'm a grumpy old bastard with hearing damage, after all. And, to your credit, you've made a lot of effort in the years I've known you to accommodate me and the others who have sensitive ears. It's not enough... but that's not your problem. You can't make everybody happy. (Though I love you for trying.)

And then there's your show-off friends. I'm a simple guy, and your friends who come out every year thinking that they have to do it better – bigger, louder, more elaborate, more expensive, more attention-getting – than the year before really irk me. I don't think they know what a spiritual Man you are, and it hurts me to think that they mistake you for the alternative-culture Disneyland they've always hoped was hiding around the corner. But again, that's just me. You love them too, and you make as much room for them as you do for me, and I respect you for it. I wish I was as tolerant as you, really.

I wish you could do something about the weather, too. I don't like the cold, and I don't like the rain, and I really don't like them together, and last year I whined a lot because of them. When I melted part of my custom-made synthetic catprint jumpsuit cuddling up against a fire barrel on a particularly cold night in your house, that was pretty much the last straw. Even so, I don't hold the weather against you. It's not your fault I'm a pussy about these things.

But y'know something? These are all minor quibbles.



None of them are big enough problems, individually or collectively, for me to say, "Sayonara." What's going on here is that I'm trying to do something I've never done before: walk away from a relationship while it's still good. I hope you take comfort in the fact that you've helped me become mature enough to do this.

I'm a very different person than I was on our first date. You can take a good deal of credit for that. After I came home from that wild weekend, I felt seduced and then abandoned by you; I looked around my tiny apartment and the tiny life I'd lived there, quietly desperate in my faux-happiness as a loner, and said: "What the FUCK now?" I knew I couldn't go back to that tiny life, not after the taste of true connectedness and spiritual satisfaction you'd given me in so short a time. Then you left me alone to figure out what my next steps were, and for awhile I hated you for it.

But eventually I got my courage up and I started wooing you. I volunteered for one, then another, of your service branches. I started hanging out with your friends – my friends, now. (I don't think they'll be too harsh on me when they find I'm dumping you – many of them have debated doing the same over the years, and some have actually gone ahead and done it.) I visited your house when you weren't there, and I fell in love with it – and fell more in love with you, just for your living there. And I had a second date with you, and then another, and another: Flambe Lounge, Beach Burn, Ranger training, camping out with my new Burner friends. I couldn't get enough of you. And on some of those dates I kissed you, first tentatively and then ferociously, and you always kissed me back just a little harder, challenging me. God, I loved you for that.

My life away from you changed too. Not only did I start telling everyone I knew about this fabulous new lover I'd found, and how they too should meet you – not that they wanted to hear about it – but I started doing things differently. Because of you, I went on a long, eye-opening trip to a remote part of Asia, something I'd only dreamed of doing before. I became a writer. I became a better friend, and a more community-minded person.

Hell, I even get off on techno now.

Before I met you, my motto was, "I want more." Before I met you, I didn't think I was going to get it. Every day now, I give thanks for what I have.

Every relationship has its arc; ours did too. It peaked on our third Labor Day date, when, half out of my mind with sleep deprivation, dehydration, a broken heart, and the understanding that all this was necessary, that I had to break myself down to truly listen to what you wanted to tell me, I let you lead me to a patch of playa where you introduced me to what I call The Divine – the first such meeting I'd ever had. That was an intensely joyful and painful moment, and an intensely private one; only you were there to witness it, but it will burn in my mind and heart forever. In that moment, I got from you what I'd come for, and simultaneously I started to let you go.

Yes, I used you. Don't we all? Sometimes I think that's entirely what you exist for, selfless lover that you are. And I love you for not begrudging me, or any of us, that use. We all grow because of it. I've done my best to give back to you – as a volunteer, as an apostle, as a devotee – and I hope it's been enough.

I came back last year one final time to break up with you, to tell you to your face, though you were so busy with all of your new friends, making them feel at home and loved as you once did with me, that I didn't try to get your attention. I figured you already knew how I felt, and so I hope you don't mind me making it formal here in *Piss Clear*.

We've grown together, and then apart, and now I'm dumping you. You have a cousin down in Texas, a little hottie called Flipside that I've been dating, and she's more what I need right now. You understand, don't you? She loves you too, and doesn't want to hurt you. I understand that you have a lot more relatives just like her around the country. It says a lot about how loving and generous you are that you don't try to keep it – whatever it is that makes you so special – all to yourself.

So farewell, Burning Man. At least for the time being. I may come back later – show up on your dust-covered doorstep in my fire barrel-scorched catsuit, bouquet of fire-red roses in hand, saying "Remember me?" And I know you'll take me in.

It's what I love about you, that you never turn away anyone who really wants to be with you.

Your sweetheart,
Abbycat

WHAT'S OUT	WHAT'S IN
anal sex	giving "the Dirty Sanchez"
Bondage-A-Go-Go	Temple of Atonement
dissing Pepe's opera	re-inventing Pepe's opera as a campy sing-along a la *The Sing-along Sound of Music*
electronica	Norwegian black metal
full-body glitter	sparing sprinklings of glitter
geodesic domes	hexagon houses
last-ditch attempts at sincerity	pointed, jaded irony
loud generators	solar cookers
NAMBLA	NAMBLA the Clown
playa rage	PLUR
Space Cowgirls	Space Cowboys
The Man burning unexpectedly early	The Man burning unexpectedly exactly on time
theme camps on margin loans	theme camp downsizing

– list compiled by Lenny Jones, Tokyo Rico, Adrian Roberts, and Zabriski

Can't capture the moment

by the REVEREND BLIND TOASTER

Put your camera down and live, children. Even with camera tags and permits and contracts, cameras are more ubiquitous at Burning Man than dust up your nose. I know it sounds like sort of a Zen thing, but you can't live in the moment if you are always trying to capture the moment. Sure at first glace it looks like more eye candy than Las Vegas. But after awhile, these pictures are only slightly more interesting than the ones you took at Yellowstone. Why? Because all you did was look at the world through a quarter-inch square viewfinder.

Rev. Blind Toaster!

Adrian Roberts

Early in the year, I tried to lobby the Powers-That-Be for some photo-free days or photo-free areas and was beaten back like an immigrant trying to get health care because I was stepping on some artistic rights. Hey! Only about one percent of the tittie hawks who walk around with a camera have ever sold a photo or had a gallery show, and putting up your free website on Geocities doesn't exactly make you an artist. And this is all I need, to have my ass or my hand on someone else's ass show up on a web page, and the next thing you know I'm on the FBI subversive list and my boss is asking too many questions about what I really did that week I said I was going "camping in the desert." Fuck that – I came here to be invisible.

I became increasingly annoyed by photographers last year when I was walking around semi-dressed with my semi-dressed woman friend. One shithead even asked us to take off more clothes! Another shithead took pictures of us as a couple and then edited me out of the photos he used later. (Hey! I have an excellent ass – for a 40-something guy.) Yet a third shithead was practically stalking my woman friend with a video camera at the Burn.

Even the terminology sucks. Taking pictures is all about "taking." I mean, you don't hear people going around bragging about how much head they took. Giving head is all about giving and photography should be too. I had a drunken insight – like all my other insights last year – when I started going around with a Polaroid camera taking pictures, momentarily, but then giving them to people before they even developed. People actually appreciated it and started lining up to have their pictures given instead of taken. Most people like to see themselves in pictures, but not as part of some shithead's vacation portfolio of Burning Man.

I confess, I learned this Zen lesson only after spending '98 and '99 walking around covering the event for the media. When you do this, you become so driven to capture the weird and the naked that you forget to enjoy any of it yourself. Put the fucking camera down or limit the picture taking to one day and enjoy the event in the moment. Leave without a trace – except memories.

Bitter Love

by DAN BITTER

Dear Dan:

My girlfriend and I are both in our early 20s and polyamorous. This is our first time at Burning Man, and I was wondering where we can go to find other couples like us. Any ideas?

– Cute, Randy And Poly

Dear CRAP:

The question isn't where you can go to find people like you – the question is: where can I go to avoid people like you. Are you kidding? Ninety percent of everyone here is so-called 'polyamorous,' even if it's just what most of us call 'cheating.' Polyamory is just one of those words people make up to feel like they're doing something new and original, on the bleeding edge of sex technology. Really, it's just that the word 'swinger' sounds totally dork-ass these days. But admit it, that's what you are. So where can you find other swingers? Try Camp Fondue – I hear there's a key party on Friday.

sex advice

Dear Dan:

I don't know if you remember me, but you recently published my letter about my obnoxious campmate who kept coming into my tent while I was having sex with strange men I'd met on the playa. Well, I took your advice and bludgeoned him to death with a piece of rebar, but now all these FBI agents and cops and Black Rock Rangers are supposedly looking for me. Apparently I'm some kind of murder suspect. What do I do now?

– I Follow Useful, Creative, Knowledge-Enriched Directions Utterly Perfectly

Dear I FUCKED UP:

I'm so sorry! I forgot the most important piece of advice: you also need to kill any witnesses, cops, District Attorneys, and anyone else who might be interfering with your quality of life here on the playa as a result of this incident. Hope you didn't throw away that piece of rebar yet!

Dear Dan:

I'm a straight-acting, tranny-chasing lipstick lesbian trapped in the body of a bi-curious, leather-queen gendermorph. I'm comfortable as a top or a bottom, but I usually prefer the middle. I'm into heavy S&M, light B&D, some M&M, BBC, R&D, and PDQ. Lately I've been into corkscrewing and meta-fisting, and I'm dying to try teledildonic watersports. My question is: where can I go at Burning Man to find others like me?

– Just A Normal Kooky Youngster

Dear JANKY:

Mom, is that you? I told you to stop bugging me when I'm working...

Hey Everyone:

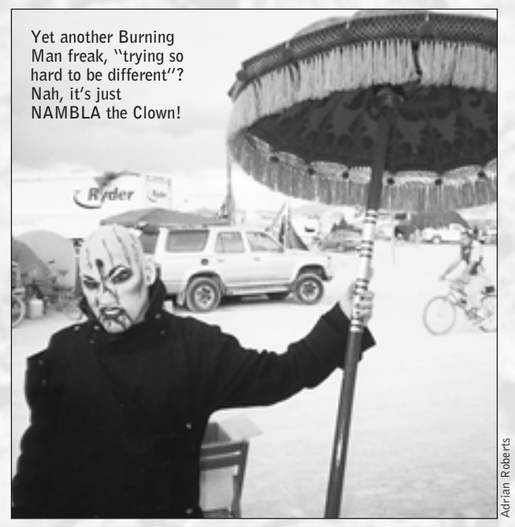
A while ago I asked my loyal readers to send in suggestions for a cute, snappy word for giving a blowjob with a mouthful of playa mud while on fire. The three top contenders are Slippery Blowtorching, Mudflapping Farenheit 451, and Sliding Down the Fire Pole. Personally, I almost removed the first option from the running, as I'm afraid my Aunt Blowtorch would be terribly offended and would never forgive me. You can vote by writing your favorite down and giving it to one of the friendly Café workers. May the best word win!

Got a question for Dan Bitter? Keep it to yourself, asshole!

Save yourself for a better Man

by DEENA DION

Last year, a couple of my sorority sisters and some Sigma Chis from back in my Chico days thought it would be a blast to go to this new Labor Day festival in Nevada we'd read about. I figured I had the right crew to get crazy with. Once we all went to Cabo over Spring Break and almost everyone hooked up, except for Kevin, whose taste for Bacardi and beer bong chasers ensured an early crash-and-burn. The rest of us were all at least semi-pro in the partying division, and I saw some freaky stuff at a Grateful Dead show once, but nothing prepared me for this.



Yet another Burning Man freak, "trying so hard to be different"? Nah, it's just NAMBLA the Clown!

Adrian Roberts

Now the main thing about Burning Man is that you're supposed to do these wacky "theme camps." We were totally into it and had this cool idea to do a Hawaiian one where we all wore super loud shirts and leis. Kristi even brought some zinc oxide for our noses.

We got there late on Friday night, and the problems started right away. First off, they wouldn't let us drive around to find a spot to park and camp. How about hiking around in the dark and setting up a new tent for the first time? No thanks. It was almost 11:00 anyway, so we just crashed in our Cherokees. The next day I awoke to a virtual hell on Earth. The temperature was like 150 degrees, the monotony of which was broken up by the occasional blinding dust storm. When we did leave the shelter of our Jeeps, en route to the gnarliest bathrooms this side of *Trainspotting*, we got the full Burning Man experience: nudists, druggies, and artists, all trying so hard to be different that they all seemed the same. One dusty Day-Glo hippie blended into the next. Some of these wannabe Picassos should spend a little less time in the studio and a little more time in the gym. I mean, I work hard to look as good as I do, but these people don't seem to have any self respect, much less shame. They should realize not everyone wants to see their wrinkly, wagging willie, even if it is painted red with plastic google-eyes glued on each side. There's a reason they're called privates.

At last the sun began to go down, so we were finally able to start setting up our camp. We had brought tiki torches for ambience, and no sooner had we lit them than this rent-a-ranger came up and told us they weren't permitted, nor was the campfire the guys were making. His reasoning was that fires leave marks on the ground. Duh. Why I can have a huge bonfire on a beautiful beach in SoCal and not here in the godforsaken desert is something he should think about. And why he didn't bust Camp Loser next door for burning so much weed, I don't know. Apparently, at this festival there is no concern for other people's space or property, as a parade of freaks traipsed through our campsite at will. They were so annoying. Within hours, my personal 12-pack stash of Bud Light was sacked by freeloaders. I only got seven of them, and just as I was ready to break out the Cuervo for shooters, it was time to see the big guy get burned.

I figured we could stop and get some beers on the way, but I swear we couldn't find a booth anywhere. What kind of self-respecting festival doesn't have plenty of grub and T-shirt stands? I could have really gone for a gyro, too. But the supposed highlight was upon us, so we all went out to get a look at the Man before he went hasta la bye-bye.

I guess we didn't realize how hella far away it was. We had been walking for at least 10 minutes deep into the desert aiming for this stick figure on the horizon. You would think that someone would have brought a boombox or something, but instead of jammin' tunes we got incessant drumming. We were about 50 yards away (felt like a half-mile) when the thing went up with fireworks and white-hot flames. I'll admit that this part was pretty cool – the bonfire was even bigger than homecoming my sophomore year. Everyone was going nuts, screaming and running around. I felt like I had finally found a little piece of Mexico outside of Reno, and if there had been a bar around, I would've danced on it. But it didn't last long. Fifteen minutes later and it was back to the I'm-Stranger-Than-You-Parade.

I got separated from my friends and tried to find our campsite in the dark, with no success. Damn that ranger and his no-tiki policy! And just my luck, I couldn't get a signal on my cell. So there I was, lost and alone amongst the skanky masses. Then, like an oasis of good taste, I heard a Dave Matthews CD pumping out of an RV. Inside were four of the coolest (and hottest) guys I'd met in quite a while, or maybe it just seemed that way in contrast to all the geeks and scuzzoids there. In any case, they salvaged my weekend from total disasterdom by giving me cold Coronas and shelter from the techno music. They even had a VCR and a tape of Austin Powers.

I found my friends the next day; they had stayed up until two a.m. at some stupid rave thing like three campsites over. On the ride home the weary silence was broken by complaints of hunger, hair condition, and clean-toilet envy. In truth I think they were all a little jealous that I was the only one who hooked up.

At least now that my Burning Man cherry is broken, I know – Black Rock City isn't gentle, and it won't respect you in the morning.

Deena Dion has a BA in Liberal Studies from Chico State University and works for a well-known advertising agency. She lives in the Marina District of San Francisco. Reprinted without any permission from the SF Weekly.

The Playa Film Guide

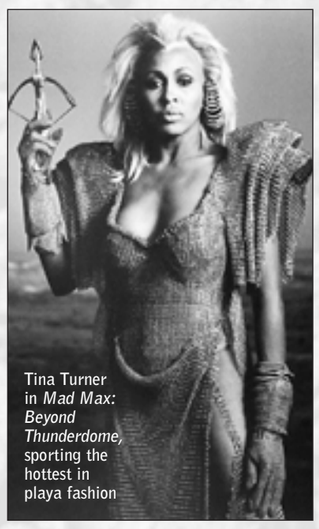
by THE JUDGE

For those of us that come to Black Rock City every year as if it's a personal Mecca, there is a strong desire to keep the flame of happiness alight when we are part of the real world.

With that thought in mind, the following are selected movies to help keep you in the Burning Man spirit when not out on the playa.

Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome

What can you say about George Miller's classic post-apocalyptic movie series that hasn't already been said? This one, the third in a series that began with *Mad Max* and continued with *The Road Warrior,* helped set the standard for the bleak, dusty outlook of the future that countless films have since copied and profited from. I am sure the folks at Death Guild hold a special place in their hearts for this one and with good reason. It's well done, entertaining and just plain cool. Bartertown is a dusty stand-in for Black Rock City, and the entire film is a primer in trendy playa fashion. And besides, Tina Turner looks hot in a chainmail dress.



Tina Turner in *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome,* sporting the hottest in playa fashion

The Beach

Here is a concept that hits close to home for me: Leonardo "DiCrapio" plays a guy who decides he's tired of his normal life and wants to go see the world. He ends up in Bangkok, Thailand. While he's there, he meets up with a visionary (euphemism for "loony") who tells him of a beach – a closely guarded secret patch of paradise completely protected from the outside environment. A place where you are free from "the parasites of the world" and everything is beautiful.

He convinces a couple of like-minded adventure seekers and they head out to find this place. Sure enough, its everything the crazy guy said it was. The water is crystal clear, the sand is white, the people living there are a loving community of modern hippies (you know, same attitude but better hygiene) and the drugs are plentiful.

Is this starting to sound familiar yet?

But like most utopian dreams, reality has a way of stepping in and fucking everything up. Soon their paradise is filled with frustration, pain, and drama. Hmmm. That also sounds awfully familiar.

If you can get past Leonardo and his love handles parading around, the film has a pretty good story. The music is pretty good, the locations are absolutely breathtaking, and it's easy to see how someone could fall in love with a concept like this.

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert

If you have not seen this film, consider yourself truly lacking in some bizarre sense. This is the hilarious story of three drag queens – complete with enough shimmering metallic fabric and eye shadow to cover Black Rock City. They are traveling across the Australia desert on their way to a contest, when their purple bus (named Priscilla) breaks down in the middle of the Outback. Now if you can imagine the kind of comedy a scenario like that could create, try seeing Hugo Weaving – the actor who played Agent Smith from *The Matrix* - dressed up in fishnets and a showgirl dress. This is definitely one of the best films for illustrating the spirit of Burning Man.

Lawrence of Arabia

I was initially skeptical that something made almost 40 years ago would be able to keep my attention for the butt-numbing 3-1/2 hours of its duration. But now I fully understand why this has become the film that other epic films have been judged against.

Based on the autobiographical writing of British officer T.E. Lawrence during World War I, the film depicts Lawrence (played by then-unknown actor Peter O'Toole) as a lieutenant lacking any sort of military discipline whatsoever. Bored with his assignment of coloring maps for the British Army in a dimly-lit headquarters building, Lawrence jumps at the opportunity to be re-assigned as an observer for an Arabian prince fighting against the Turkish army. Lawrence quickly sees just how caring and great these desert-dwelling people can be and ends up rallying the various tribes together to fight the Turks and help the British turn the tide of World War I.

As far as Burning Man goes, just look at the costumes! The locations! Black Rock is an absolute playground compared to the sheer mass and environment of the Sahara desert.

So there you go. Four films to help you better cope with the garish hell of Real Life when you are not living in Black Rock City. Enjoy!

Theme camps and things we'd like to see next year at Burning Man

A more civil government response to an art event rather than more G.I. jerk-offs in camoflage playing art critic

All-You-Can-Eat Composting Hut

an olympic-sized pool

anyone who takes a photo of a nude person must also be nude themselves

better aim in the porta-potties

Camp Quiet

Day Traders Bitch Camp

Do-It-Yourself Body Piercing Camp

Dog BBQ, to offend all the idiots who insist on bringing their dogs

Dr. Seuss Camp, with a Star-Bellied Sneetches Machine

fewer rules

Free Booze Camp

Free Drugs Camp

Free Food Camp

Free Safe Sex With Sexpots Camp

G.W. Bush's daughters, because they know they won't get carded here for drinking booze

Gary Condit Love Nest and Body Disposal

golf cart taxi service for the more broken Burners.

large hot pipe organ

Piss Clear vs. the *Black Rock Gazette* Death Match Camp

Shit Out of Luck Camp

Stick That Camera Up Your Ass Camp.

The Let's Clone Jesus from the Shroud of Turin Camp

The Miller Beer Commercial White Trash Audition Camp

Waterslide Camp

You're a Superstah Camp

– list compiled by flux, Dennis Hinkamp, Lenny Jones, Erica Candy Kane, Penfold, and Zabriski

I remember when...

... 13,500 people here seemed HUGE!

... people would start to drive away when there were storms, and the Rangers would have to drive out to stop them.

... Radio Free Burning Man rocked!

... the Burn went according to plan.

... the first village was next door to Center Camp

... the Man didn't burn prematurely.

... the weather was nice.

... there was no health code to violate.

... they let you burn shit... actually, I remember when there was no "they."

... they would give you mushrooms as you came in through the gate.

... tickets were under $100.

... we could go to the hot springs... hmmm, the hot springs.

... we outnumbered the police.

... you didn't have to fill out a huge questionnaire to get your theme camp registered.

– list compiled by Lenny Jones, Dr. Lizard, Penfold, Adrian Roberts, and Zabriski

A list of my favorite Burning Man things

by ORANGE PEEL MOSES

art cars
bartering
black light flower towers
the Center Camp Café
Costco Soulmate Trading Outlet
DJ Lorin at Point Arena
Dr. Megavolt
drag races
elephant shoes
fire dancers
furry bicycles
the genital portrait studio
kiddie pools
lasers
miniature golf
motorized couches
Piss Clear
pyramids
Radio Free Burning Man
the roller skating rink
swing sets
teepees
Thunderdome
trampolines